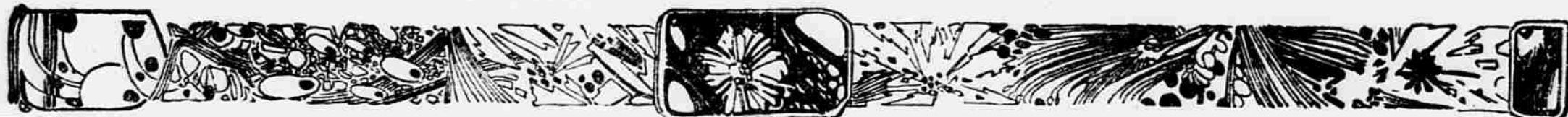
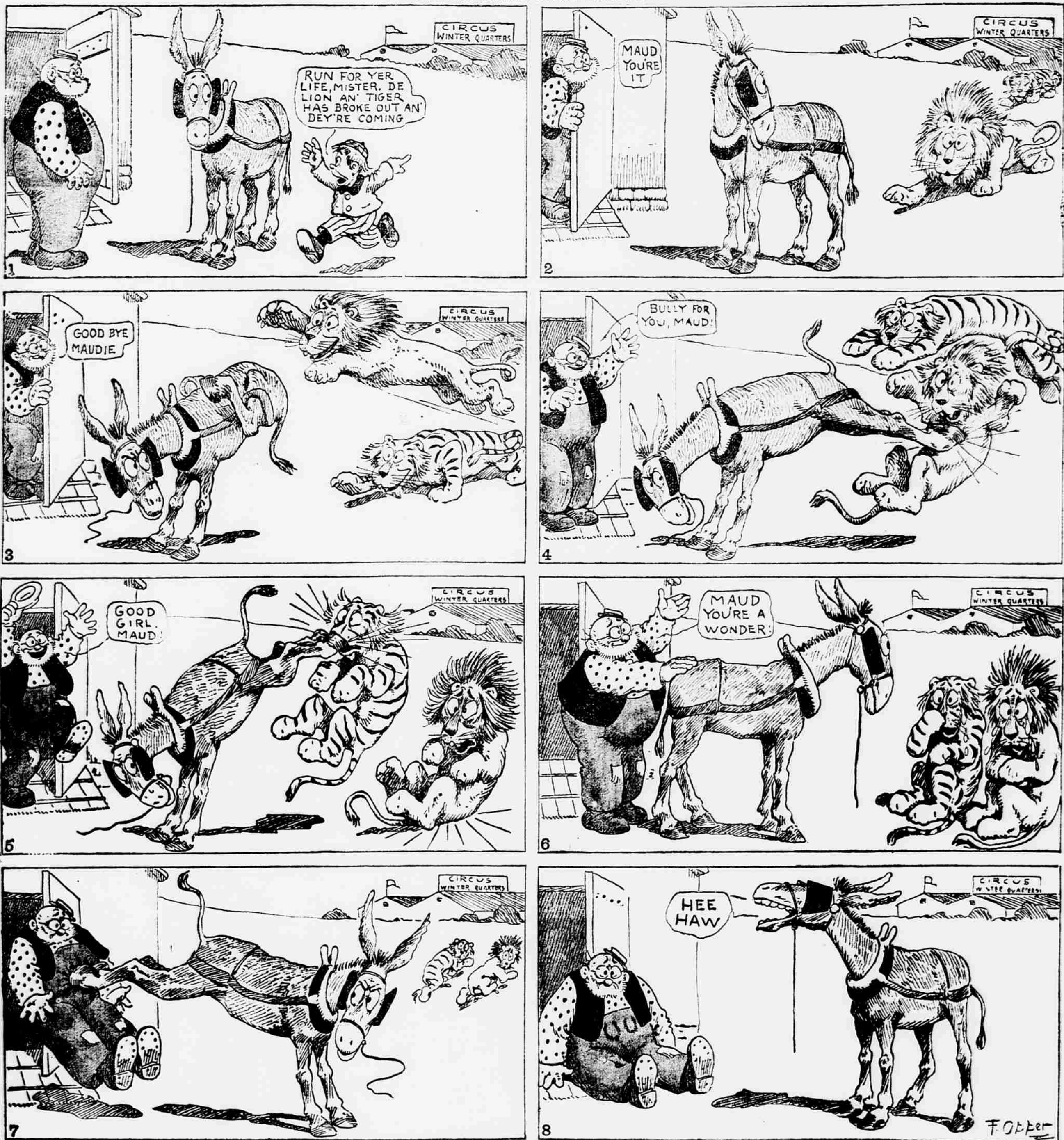


AND HER NAME WAS MAUD.

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A TIME LIMIT.

A FELLOW FEELING.

A BIG PILL.



Salesman: "Here is a safe that is guaranteed to go through a fire without injury. Mr. Smith: 'Well, I think I will take it on ten days' trial.'—Cincinnati Inquirer.



District Visitor: "I've just had a letter from my son Reggie, saying he has won a scholarship. I can't tell you how delighted I am. I—"
Rustle Parry: "I can understand yer feelings, M. um. I felt just the same when our pig won a medal at the agricultural show."



"What is it, my pet?"
"Oh, mamma, I dreamt I'd swallowed myself. Have I?"

Roasting High.
"Mary," said the overworked banker, "I'm afraid we can't afford to have turkey for our Christmas dinner this year."
She wept and he had to soothe her.
"We'll have venison and diamond-back terrapin and wild duck," he went on, trying to look cheerful. "And I've had the grocer send to South America for some rare fruits. But times are hard and we must cut out the luxuries."—Cleveland Leader.

Innendo.
Grace: "What's Maude mad about?"
Gadya: "She says Ferdie threatened to kiss her."
Grace: "And then didn't, eh?"

Had Her Wish.
"Yes," boasted young Slowboy. "I always embrace an opportunity."
"I wish I were an opportunity," replied Miss Huggard, coyly.
And a moment or two later she was one.—Houston Chronicle.